

A Letany for St. Omers.

A whiggish thing. 27. March. 1682.

FROM Antichrist both East and West,
And Cardinals so (madly) drest;
Who bear a Wooden-Cross for Crest:
And also from a (Northern) Test.
Libera nos, &c.

From Saul, of very strange Ambition,
And Demas, of the like Suspicion:
From Judas, with his false Contrition,
And from the Spanish-Inquisition,
Libera nos, &c.

From Halifax, with Hull and Hell;
From Papal Candle, Book and Bell:
From All who Souls and Bodies sell,
And those who cannot Powder smell,
Libera nos, &c.

From Observators that so bite us;
From Thompson and from Heraclitus:
Who with their Satyrs so benight us,
And with their Libels so bespite us,
Libera nos, &c.

From that vile Vermin of Aggressors,
With Persecutors and Oppressors:
From all Abhorrrers and Addressors,
Who lead the Van of all Transgressors,
Libera nos, &c.

From Satans Reuben in the West,
Most truly stiled Europe's Pest:
From him that cannot be at Rest,
Unless that He be made his Guest,
Libera nos, &c.

From all that do his Slipper Kifs,
And so his BACKSIDE (sweetly) mis:
From all will not his Grandeur his,
And then into his Slipper Pifs,
Libera nos, &c.

From All who write him Holiness,
And (solely) lay on him the Stress:
Who should be in a Tyburn-Dress,
For Burning of our English Bess,
Libera nos, &c.

From all the Popelins in the Tower,
Who there Plot Murder every Hour;
And there may be till Englands Power
Shall bring on them a Bloody show'r,
Libera nos, &c.

From every one that falsely Limps;
From Foreign and Domestick Pimps:
From all the Fatal Newgate Imps,
Who go for Whales, yet are but Shrimps,
Libera nos, &c.

From Popes the Greater and the Lesser,
And from a Catholick Successor:
From (vile) Le Chese the French Confessor,
Who hates a Protestant Professor,
Libera nos, &c.

From Beelzebub and his Flies,
From LUD'S great Rector and his Ties:
From Fetter-Lane and Holbourn Lies,
And from all Irish-Perjuries,
Libera nos, &c.

From all those who make Gold their Hope,
And turn all Truth into a Trope:
Yea, from a Cursing, Cursed Pope,
And that with him deserve a Rope,
Libera nos, &c.

From all espousing Canting Notes,
And from all Cutters of our Throats,
From leaky, and tremendous Boats,
And from all Enemies to Oats,
Libera nos, &c.

From all that falsifie their Stitches,
And from all that which so Bewitches:
From Women that will wear the Breeches,
And from all sordid Polish Itches,
Libera nos, &c.

From Enemies unto the Nation,
Who long to see its Desolation:
From all who wish not our Salvation,
But imprecate their own Damnation,
Libera nos, &c.

From All who cannot Sleep with Homers,
Unless they Sin to serve the Romers:
From all the beardless Boys at Omers,
And also from all Bedlam-Foamers,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Tantivy and the Tory,
Who may not live till they be Hoary:
All Truth they turn into a Story,
And in their Wickedness do Glory,
Libera nos, &c.

From all the Stiffers of the Plot,
And from a cursed Pimping Scot:
With every Foreign filthy Sot,
Who meriteth St. Tyburns Knot,
Libera nos, &c.

From All that like to Rowers be,
Who one way Row, another See:
Like Those once at the Isle of Ree,
And from a Gospel-Index Flee,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From Frenchified Flouts and Flams;
From Romish Tygers and their Dams:
From vile Projectors of the Shams,
Who act like Wolves, but not like Lambs,
Libera nos, &c.

From Godfrey that Himself did kill,
A Popish Malice to fulfil;
And then went to GREEN BURT-HILL,
To pierce his Heart, but no Blood spill,
Libera nos, &c.

From Bloody Cain who Abel slew,
And little reason for it knew:
Yea from an Arnoldizing Crew,
Who would in Blood their Hands imbrue,
Libera nos, &c.

From Those that like the Spider spin,
And also think they have no Sin:
From Chastity in Orange-GWYN,
And bloody Bonners of Squire THYN,
Libera nos, &c.

From all upon a Papal Bench,
With all the Masquerading-French:
And also from that Foreign WENCH,
Who leaves behind her such a Stench,
Libera nos, &c.

From Jesuits with Monks and Friars,
Long unto Europe pricking Briars;
Who always are such cruel Tryers,
And of MANKIND the greatest Liars,
Libera nos, &c.

From all the Fury of the Stags,
And from a Fire that's made of Flags:
From Them who give to Children Bags,
And after go Themselves in Rags,
Libera nos, &c.

From every flagitious Ish,
That Ruine unto others wish,
And cannot sit down with one Dish,
Nor yet distinguish Flesh from Fish,
Libera nos, &c.

From All that dread a Parliament,
Lest They be called to repent,
And then be unto Newgate sent,
There (Romishly) to keep a Lent,
Libera nos, &c.

From Bedlam and from Billingsgate;
From Almanacks now out of date:
From Irish-Evidence so late,
And also from a Newgate Grate,
Libera nos, &c.

From PENTIONERS those spurious Elves,
Who Others kill to keep Themselves;
In danger are of Rocks and Shelves,
And may be brought before their Twelves,
Libera nos, &c.

From that Prodigious Sweedish Count,
Who did escape a Pall-Mall-Mount, hanging
And turn his Guineys to Account,
Libera nos, &c.

From every May-Pole-house of Slaughter,
And that Just-Aff (a Man of Laughter):
That none like Him may be hereafter,
To be a PIMP unto his DAUGHTER,
Libera nos, &c.

From every one within the Land,
With Jacobs Voice and Esau's Hand;
Who unto Others gives Command,
But doth Himself not understand,
Libera nos, &c.

From every daring dreading Switzer,
Not drinking in a Pint, but Pitcher:
From GADEURY a Lousy Stitcher,
But now of Nabals the Bewitcher,
Libera nos, &c.

From Foreign and Domestick Pains,
With Trucklers unto Romish Laws:
From all Magpies, Rocks and Jack-Daws,
That spend much time to gather Straws,
Libera nos, &c.

From All who Vices vilely link,
That one thing speak, another think:
These stand upon a fatal Brink,
And Healt's to Pope and Devil drink,
Libera nos, &c.

From every Romish Pain and Pang,
With All that from the Devil sprang:
From Madam POWIS, and her Gang,
Who Plot till They at Tyburn Hang,
Libera nos, &c.

From all that Light for Darkness put;
From Gammar Gibson and her Glut:
From CELLIERS that Midwife-Slut,
Whom Dangerfield doth so besquirt,
Libera nos, &c.

From ALL who Live Epitomized,
And ALL that Die Hyperbolized;
Who were (with) TREASON stigmatized,
And are (for) TREASON Canonized,
Libera nos, &c.

From ALL that put into the Boot,
Unto the loss of Leg and Foot:
Who at NON CONS their Arrows shoot,
And grow (like Toad-stools) without Root,
Libera nos, &c.

From every Cursing, Swearing Carter,
And from ROGER, that old Crack-farter:
From All would Burn the City-Charter,
And unto Whigs would give no Quarter,
Libera nos, &c.

From Bloody PAPISTS without Pity,
Who were the Burners of the City:
From All who think Themselves too witty,
And will not Buy this (harmless) Ditty,
Libera nos, &c.